

THE NATION

Upsala College June 11, 1960 . . 25c

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THE FUTURE OF SUMMITRY

Geoffrey Barraclough

Notes for the Overweight

REDUCING AD ABSURDUM

David Cort

CHARADE OF CIVIL DEFENSE

Stanley Meisler

LETTERS

Sen. Symington on Missiles

Dear Sirs: Thank you for bringing to my attention the article, "Cities Into Targets," by James E. McDonald, in your May 21 issue.

No single one of the various factors taken into consideration in choosing a missile site is necessarily controlling. The factors of logistics, nearness to command centers, nature of topography and geology, and prevailing winds are among those which carry some weight.

If the prevailing winds should be the controlling factor, as Mr. McDonald believes, he makes a significant case. In his interest in presenting his thesis, however, he seems to discount the significance of the weapons themselves. If, in fact, the weapons in operational quantities are sufficient and our warning system is developed adequately and in time, the likelihood of any fallout is sharply diminished, regardless of which way the wind blows. The deterrent to any attack is increased by the number of hardened, dispersed, large megatonnage weapons known to be on the alert.

It is a little difficult to follow the prevailing-wind thesis as regards movable targets, which would be more likely to encourage saturation-type attacks.

In conclusion, I would favor both stationary-hardened-dispersed missiles and mobile missiles—in such quantities and state of readiness as to constitute an effective deterrent.

STUART SYMINGTON
U.S. Senator (Mo.)

Washington, D.C.

Catawba's Theatre

Dear Sirs: Warren Smith's piece, "New Man on the Campus: Artist in Residence," in your issue of May 21, was particularly interesting to us because of its inclusion of theatre programs. . . .

Foundations to the contrary, the impact today and the estimation in the future of American arts and letters is hardly improved by subsidizing men who have already made their mark, however small it may be (and to be pitiless about it, most of the artists-in-residence programs seem to favor small-mark men). If the "breed is to be improved," to borrow the horseman's phrase, it will be through the development of new talents — "Those who need it most," as Smith observes.

Our theatre has just closed the tenth production in its Contemporary Series of new American plays, most of which

have been premières. During at least an important segment of production preparation time, the playwrights have been "in residence" here, and participated in extensive pre-rehearsal conferences. . . . The series has been a success in all respects, including the box office. The wide-ranging search for plays and the playwrights' expenses are underwritten by a grant made to the department of Drama and Speech by the Office of Communications for the United Church of Christ. We are currently looking for another new play for production in April, 1961.

BURNET M. HOBGOOD, Chairman
Drama and Speech Department
Catawba College

Salisbury, N.C.

Picketing Sing Sing

Dear Sirs: On Thursday, May 12, Pablo Vargas was carried to his death in the electric chair, struggling, screaming, and protesting his innocence to the last.

Outside the gates of Sing Sing, six persons, including myself, picketed in silence, against the death penalty in general, and this execution, in particular. . . . To my knowledge, this is the first time within recent years that Sing Sing has been picketed to protest an execution. I feel that this kind of protest, if done with dignity and humility, is extremely valuable; and I personally propose to make it my business to take my place outside Sing Sing on each and every Thursday that the State of New York plans to carry out its heathen sacrifice. If any of your readers from the metropolitan area or Westchester County would care to join me, I can be reached at: 195 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn 5, New York.

JAMES B. OSGOOD,
The Prison Committee, N. Y.
Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends
(Quakers)

New York City

Massive Nonsense

Dear Sirs: Our whole policy of massive retaliation depends completely on immediate nuclear-weapons control. Theoretically, we prevent the explosion of a bomb in New York City tomorrow by advertising the fact that this will mean immediate and complete retaliation. Against whom? Against the Russians, of course, and we continue hopefully with the conviction that the Russians fear their own death, and therefore will respect our life. However, the feasibility of this continues only as long as there

is *only one possible aggressor*; for if ten nations possess even the simplest atomic weapons, and a bomb is exploded in New York City — then *whom* do we strike? Now we have lost the power of threat — unless we retaliate against the *whole world*, which might anger God, even if He is on our side.

Unless the nuclear-arms race is frozen now, massive retaliation becomes massive nonsense.

RONALD ZACHARY GELLER
Newark, N.J.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

501 •

ARTICLES

- 504 • The Future of Summity
by GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH
- 506 • U.N. — Stage for Disarmament
by FREDERICK KUH
- 507 • Charade of Civil Defense
by STANLEY MEISLER
- 510 • Not Running
by MILTON VIORST
- 511 • Reducing Ad Absurdum
by DAVID CORT

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- 514 • Anger on Two Fronts
by EDWARD W. ZIEGLER
- 514 • In the Harbor (poem)
by MAY SWENSON
- 515 • Deep in the Unfriendly City
by M. L. ROSENTHAL
- 516 • In the Head of One Man
by ROBERT PAUL WOLFF
- 517 • Art
by MAURICE GROSSER
- 519 • Films
by ROBERT HATCH
- Crossword Puzzle (opp. 520)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

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EDITORIALS

Can Khrushchev Swing the '60 Election?

Under this caption, Frederic W. Collins pointed out in the September 12, 1959, *Nation* that Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the United States could have domestic political results as weighty as they are incalculable. "The Democrats have not yet gained an issue," wrote Mr. Collins, "but the Republicans have lost one which they had cherished for nearly two decades — the issue summed up in the word Yalta." At Paris, Mr. Khrushchev gave that issue back to the Republican candidate, but he also imposed the burden of disappointed hopes, for peace is what the more sensible section of the electorate wanted and still wants, and peace they certainly haven't got. Moreover, this group of voters, by the fact of their intelligence, are aware that the debacle at Paris was not entirely of Mr. Khrushchev's making, although he certainly made a generous contribution. On this basis, has the Republican candidate — presumably Mr. Nixon — gained on balance, or lost? Unfortunately, the question is not likely to be resolved on rational grounds. The argument that seems to be gaining momentum is that because Khrushchev hates Nixon, it is the duty of the embattled American voter to spit in Mr. Khrushchev's eye and vote for Mr. Nixon. "The people of America," declared Jack Porter, a Texas Republican, "are not ready to let a Bolshevik dictator tell them whom to elect President of the United States." According to Mr. Porter, Mr. Khrushchev wants a Democrat in the office, therefore all good men must repair to the standard of Mr. Nixon.

Of all the idiot notions in politics, the most idiotic is that one should elect a President, or for that matter a dog catcher, in terms of what a foreign power, regarded as the "enemy," thinks — or says it thinks — about him. *The Nation* does not advise its readers on whom to vote for; they are perfectly capable of making up their own minds. But if it could reach its non-readers, like those who wildly cheered Mr. Porter's proclamation, it would exhort them to leave Mr. Khrushchev out of it. A good many Americans don't love Mr. Nixon, and it has nothing to do with Mr. Khrushchev's not loving him. Suppose Mr. Khrushchev should swing around, as he does not infrequently, and

recall the animated debate he had with the Vice President in Moscow, and the fact that it was conducted in rather friendly fashion? Would that be an argument for voting against Mr. Nixon? If the election is to be conducted on this basis, the Soviet Premier could elect either candidate by bestowing the kiss of death on his opponent. Let's not be suckers.

Nemesis

It is said that every man is to some extent the author of his misfortunes, that he is stricken not only by the blows of fate but by his own failings. President Eisenhower is a melancholy example in our time, and to our cost as well as his own. All his life he has been a favorite of the gods, the beneficiary of the famous Eisenhower luck, enhanced by his personal qualities — for if we are part of the causation of our woes, we must also be responsible in some measure for our successes. His was a fabulous career, and in some ways inspiring. When the ills of old age overtook him, he gave an example of fortitude to his countrymen, and indeed to the world. People everywhere sensed that he was a man of good will as well as a man of good fortune, and in the adulation they showered on him in his long journey to India they showed their gratitude and the hopes they reposed in his beneficence.

Then his luck ran out. It might have held — he was so near the end of his second and last term. The final act was about to be performed — *finis coronat opus*. The way had been prepared at Camp David. The world did not look for a resplendent achievement in Paris, merely some progress toward what undoubtedly was, by inclination and temperament, the President's goal: world peace. Little was required, actually, and he could have departed in a blaze of glory. That little was not bestowed by fortune or, on the President's part, diligently prepared for; yet, for all the negligence and blunders, an outcome so disastrous could hardly have been predicted. It was as if the gods finally had enough of the President's faults; at the end they punished him for all he had done, all he had left undone, and for all their gifts of the past. And if he looks within, not in those moments of public exculpation when he is more

the actor than the man, but in lonely self-examination, he must see much that he brought on himself.

The press and the radio would have it that Khrushchev "humiliated" Eisenhower. That castigation Eisenhower could well bear, but worse is to come. The trip to the Orient, a drummer's journey among shaky and restive Allies, is a greater humiliation than any an enemy could inflict. The subsequent outlook is for a Presidential campaign in which Ike will dutifully go through the motions in a vacuum of productive ideas, beset on the one hand by unloosed chauvinists and flag-wavers and on the other by the disappointed partisans of peace. There will be little solace for him in Gettysburg, as things look now.

The Key Question

To date the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has successfully ducked what Under Secretary of State Dillon has correctly stated to be the key question in the U-2 fiasco: the question of Intelligence. The investigation has proceeded on the unchallenged assumption that the work of CIA is not subject to any kind of Congressional control nor, as Senator Fulbright puts it, "to the check of public opinion." Mr. Dulles is the one man in government who can testify before a Congressional committee and then decide what part, if any, of his testimony should be made public. With the approval of the Executive and Legislative branches and the virtually unanimous approval of the American press, he is his own censor. Sixteen Senators know the role that CIA played in this unhappy affair; but their colleagues do not, and neither does the public. If this degree of secrecy is the price tag for espionage of the U-2 variety, the price is too high. As Rep. William H. Meyer pointed out in *The Nation* of May 21: "The immediate issue is the survival of free democratic government operating under civilian leadership in a manner that openly informs our people and is at least reasonably responsible to the voters and somewhat responsive to their wishes."

But the price is much higher. "There is no point in our pretending," Senator Fulbright states, "that the black arts of Intelligence operators do not now, and have not throughout recorded history, involved violations of every Commandment. They do. Lying, cheating, murder, stealing, seduction and suicide are part of the business in which all great nations participate — not because they want to, not because they believe these acts are moral, but because they believe such activities are essential to their own self-preservation."

This is the way it may once have been, Senator, but it is so no longer. In today's world, espionage of the U-2 variety is not merely illegal, in the sense that all espionage is an invasion of sovereignty, but it can constitute an act of war. As Senator Humphrey pointed

out, if the Strategic Air Command spotted by radar an enemy plane flying at high altitude, the results in view of our fear of surprise attack, might be very serious indeed. And not only is the danger involved inordinately great, but this type of espionage is, as the record shows, essentially self-defeating. Mr. Herter and other witnesses concede that it was never anticipated that a U-2 mission might fail "under quite these circumstances." But espionage missions will always fail under circumstances that are not anticipated. That is the predictable risk attendant upon such activities. And the price, in most instances, is out of all relation to the value of the information obtained or its lasting utility. In this instance, the failure of a mission that might have triggered a war — in fact, it triggered the wrecking of an important conference — gravely damaged American prestige, committed the President to a public defense of the dirty business of espionage — and the Russians will now shift their missile bases.

Intelligence is not necessarily synonymous with espionage. In the light of events, our political Intelligence is woefully defective; we cannot have too much Intelligence in the sense of relevant information collected and analyzed by experts. But cloak-and-dagger espionage is a constant threat to national security and world peace; it is a form of warfare. Whether espionage of this type should be continued is a question that should be reviewed by the entire Congress, not by sixteen Senators, and not behind closed doors. There has been no phonier setting for a Congressional hearing since the McCarthy high jinks than the session at which CIA sleuths "cased the joint" before the appearance of Mr. Dulles. Pictures were removed from walls which were then tapped to detect hidden microphones. Heavy drapes were placed before the doors; then screens were placed in front of the drapes. Assured that the room was sound-proof if not leak-proof, the "master spy" appeared, testified, and then decided to suppress the transcript.

The key question of Intelligence — its proper role and function — can be investigated and debated without these trappings and stage props which went out with the novels of E. Phillips Oppenheim.

The Still, Small Voice of Hawaii

Daniel K. Inouye, who represents Hawaii in Congress, is a Democrat, a lawyer, a Methodist and a war hero; he served with the famous 442nd Infantry Regimental Combat Team in World War II and holds the Distinguished Service Cross, Bronze Star, Purple Heart with two oak leaf clusters, and other decorations. Born in Hawaii, he is the son of Japanese immigrants. He is vividly aware, as well he might be, of the existence — as he puts it — of a country which "lies on the western basin of the Pacific Ocean," namely, China. In support

of his contention that we need a new China policy, he recently placed in the *Congressional Record* a remarkable speech by George Chaplin, editor of the Honolulu *Advertiser*, before the Honolulu Chinese Chamber of Commerce.

Since the Chinese have the world's fourth largest air force, a regular army of 2,500,000 men (with millions more in reserve), and a navy which, while relatively small, is still the largest of any Asian nation, Mr. Chaplin thinks it might be a good idea to include them in future disarmament negotiations. To the tiresome contention that we dare not recognize China even indirectly for fear of the awful effect it might have on the overseas Chinese, Mr. Chaplin replies that these overseas Chinese are talented and skilled people, many with large commercial holdings. He finds it hard to imagine that they might suddenly divest themselves of their holdings, abandon the commercial practices in which they have demonstrated such skill, and embrace communism.

Both Mr. Inouye and Mr. Chaplin concede that there are no easy answers to the question of recognition, but insist that the time has come to start evolving a new policy toward China. Is it too much to hope that some of the self-acknowledged experts on China in Congress who represent constituencies in Kansas, Texas and Kings County, New York, will pay some attention to the voice of Hawaii?

Boris Pasternak

Man Is Born to Live not to Prepare for Life.—*Pasternak*

Pasternak has had his last wish—he died in his native land which was his great love, the center of his being, the inspiration of his art. “Leaving my motherland,” he pleaded in a letter to Khrushchev, when he was under threat of exile, “will equal death for me, and that’s why I ask, do not take this final measure.” The Soviet press vigorously denounced his winning of the Nobel Prize and attacked him as “a malevolent Philistine,” “a libeler” and “a pig” who, by “dirtying” the place in which he eats and lives, has done what “even pigs do not do.”

Now the slander and denunciation have ended. The poet is no more, and report has it that the Soviet press, so vociferous in its vilification of him when he was alive, has been almost silent on the occasion of his death. Perhaps it is better thus—one should not speak unkindly of the dead. In truth, if it had not been for the cold war and the part *Doctor Zhivago* played in it, the American press would be almost as silent as the Soviet press over his passing. Before the novel appeared, Pasternak was hardly known in this country, although he was unquestionably one of the great poets of our time. Hence it was particularly distressing that in so many of the reviews of *Doctor Zhivago* in the free world, political con-

siderations appear to have been the primary criteria in artistic judgment of his novel—the very criteria which we so righteously and properly condemn when they are used by Soviet critics in appraising the artistic merits of belles-lettres.

However, despite artistic lapses, *Doctor Zhivago* did revive the noble tradition of the Russian past that literature is the conscience of the nation. And the central figure personifies this tradition in his proud conviction that no ruler, no political party, should have power over the conscience of man in his struggle to work out his own destiny.

But Pasternak’s claim on the admiration of posterity will probably not rest on *Doctor Zhivago*. The time will come when the Soviets will proudly list Boris Pasternak as perhaps the greatest poet of the first incredible forty years of the existence of their country.

ERNEST J. SIMMONS

Massey for President

The “Midwest Volunteers for Nixon” sprang to their stations recently amid a certain understandable confusion as to whether they were supposed to bring out the vote for Mr. Nixon, Abe Lincoln or Raymond Massey. The organizing session at Chicago’s Sherman Hotel was advertised as a meeting of the Rail Splitters; there was talk of trail-blazing, sod-busters, hoe-downs and — for the fall — an “overland trek” into the Lincoln country around Springfield. The allusion to a “trek” scared some among the audience; were they supposed to walk to Springfield from Chicago, or maybe go by horseback, clattering down the turnpikes and removing their tall hats as they came to the overpasses? Not at all, the speakers assured them; they would “trek” by car (Lincolns, no doubt). Presumably what made this an “overland trek” was that jet travel would be fore-sworn for the day, and there would be a couple of Conostoga wagons in the caravan.

The Rail Splitters were further entertained by a dozen Northwestern University students, including six pretty girls, wearing black, oilcloth capes, Union Army-style hats and carrying placards attesting to the fact that Mr. Nixon was at least a reasonable facsimile of Mr. Lincoln. These students, explained James Broe, one of the speakers, were the “Wide Awakes,” reminiscent of the volunteer citizens of a century ago who are said to have played a big part in the election of Mr. Lincoln. But Vol. 5 of James Truslow Adams’ *Dictionary of American History* (Scribners, 1940), notes: “‘Wide Awakes’ was a name first used by an anti-foreign, anti-Catholic organization which flourished around 1850. In the campaign of 1860, Republican marching clubs under this name arose everywhere.”

A little history is a dangerous thing, especially in the hands of a public relations man.

THE FUTURE OF SUMMITRY . . by Geoffrey Barraclough

London

NOW THAT the dust of Paris has had time to settle, it becomes possible to see the Summit-that-wasn't in some sort of perspective. By all standards it was a sorry affair; but we are concerned here with the situation after the event and with events still to come, not with what happened to wreck the conference. That exonerates us from reviewing once again the thorny story of the U-2 incident and of Mr. K.'s behavior. What matters is to add up the debit and the credit, and see — if we can — where we go from here.

Oddly enough, there *is* a credit side, or at least there are mitigating factors which allow us to say that things are not so bad — or need not be so bad — as they seemed when the journalists in Paris were packing their valises and Mr. Khrushchev was flying off to meet Comrade Grotewohl. It was, it seems, a saddened, perhaps even a chastened, Mr. K. who touched down in Berlin, and the world breathed again when he made it known that there would be no unilateral peace treaty with East Germany and no forcing of the Berlin question, at least until a future Summit had had another try. At any rate the bridges, though perilously weak, were not entirely down. Nor was it nothing that, even at the height of his anti-Eisenhower tirade, Khrushchev affirmed that the Soviet Union was willing to continue the Geneva talks on disarmament and the suspension of nuclear tests, and was hopeful of agreement on the latter.

Since then, there has been still one other plus factor which may count in the balance, and that is the positive reception given in the United Nations to the compromise resolution put forward by the four "non-committed" members of the Council — Ceylon, Tunisia, Ecuador and Argentina — calling for a resumption "as soon as possible" of discussions at the Summit. This res-

olution is important, first because it is a plain indication that uncommitted opinion is already weary of the sterile debate as to rights and wrongs, but more important still because it gives plain notice that, if either side is slow-footed about a resumption of talks, it will stand to forfeit the sympathy of the uncommitted nations. And that is a risk neither the Kremlin nor the State Department can afford to take.

But it would be totally unrealistic to think that these credit items in any way balance the formidable debit ledger. Even before the conference members had arrived in Paris, there was little genuine expectation that the meeting was going to produce results of substance; but on both sides it was believed — such, at any rate, was my impression when I returned the previous week from Warsaw, with one-night stops in some of the Western capitals — that it would prove to be the first of a series of fairly frequent top-level meetings which at least would maintain contacts and gradually reduce tensions. Today even that prospect is dim. Mr. Khrushchev might speak — whatever his motives and calculations — of a new meeting in six or eight months "in a new more favorable atmosphere"; but nothing that has happened since the conference broke up on May 19 gives reason to hope that the atmosphere will be more favorable. Whatever else, the Russian attitude at Paris was a psychological setback; and with mutual suspicion multiplied a hundredfold, it is not easy to see under what conditions the powers concerned will be ready to get together again. We forget too easily the months of preparation that were necessary, the obstacles that had to be overcome, before the Paris conference could be convened. Who, in present conditions, is going to undertake that work again?

The measure of the harm that has ensued is the degree to which the pressures against any form of agreement and any step to reduce the armaments race have been reinforced. In England the immediate

result was to strengthen Mr. Gaitskell's hand in the tussle over defense policy within the Labour Party; and though we do not need to lose much sleep over that, because unilateral disarmament was never a feasible policy anyhow, as a sign of the times it is symptomatic. To the outside observer, however, the repercussions in the United States seem far more ominous. That American opinion would rally to the President, irrespective of party, was one thing, and no one would have wished or expected otherwise. But the way it has hardened against further negotiations with Russia is another. When statesmen start bandying about accusations of "appeasement" (a nonsensical word, in present-day contexts) reason flies out the window.

WHETHER or not Mr. Stevenson made the statements to a Paris newspaper of which he has been accused, is a matter of small importance. What is important is that the suggestion — if he made it — that the United States might make concessions on Berlin in return for an atomic test ban and that disarmament should be sought on the basis of the Rapacki plan for mutual reduction of forces in Central Europe, was not a proposal of which anyone should need to feel ashamed. We all know, in our sober moments, that compromise of this sort will be unavoidable, if there is to be any advance out of the jungle. We know also that if they had been made a month ago they would have been treated on their merits. Indeed there were many inspired rumors that this sort of compromise — including probably a reduction of the size of the Western garrisons in Berlin — was docketed away among the proposals which some at least of the statesmen took with them in their briefcases to Paris. The plain fact that has emerged is that there are powerful interests which have no intention of advancing out of the jungle; and for them the debacle at Paris has come as a godsend. They still believe that the United States can win the cold war, though every

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shred of reason tells us that this is a contest in which both sides can only lose; and they still believe that a harsh and inflexible policy toward Russia will pay dividends.

Still more unfortunate is the suspicion that the diehards in the United States are matched, on the other flank, by the diehards in the Soviet Union. Unlike the secrets of the White House and the Pentagon, the secrets of the Kremlin are not an open book, and few of the stories put about by our Kremlinologists, who have been enjoying a field day, are altogether credible. But that there are pressures on Khrushchev no less powerful than the pressures on Eisenhower is a well-accredited fact, which was widely discussed before the Paris meeting. That is why the U-2 incident, which played into the hands of the Soviet intransigents, was an act of injudicious folly, if not worse, in exactly the same way as Khrushchev's tirade, which played into the hands of the American intransigents, was a blunder of the first order. The sad fact is that Eisenhower was Khrushchev's "friend" in the very literal sense that he personally, among the leading figures in Washington, was the one — perhaps the only one — who was seriously prepared to think in terms of practical measures to reduce tension. And it is probable, if we knew the facts, that we should realize that much the same is true of Khrushchev in Moscow. If the outcome is a permanent shift of power and influence and initiative from Khrushchev on the one hand, and from Eisenhower on the other, to the men with iron faces and wooden heads, then we are in for a new ice age to be followed by a new inferno.

AND YET the hard facts of the international situation — the circumstances and calculations which eventually got both sides to Paris almost in spite of themselves — have not in the meantime changed one jot. The operative impersonal reasons for reducing tension are as valid today as they were one month ago; it would be an error of first magnitude to leave these reasons out of account, because not all the propaganda in the world — in Rus-

sia or in the United States or in both together — can wish them out of existence. The first and most obvious is the universal dread of nuclear war — a dread too widespread and too powerful for statesmen to ignore. The second is the realization that neither side is going to crack. The third is the nuclear stalemate which exists and will exist, no matter how hard the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission argues that a resumption of tests may enable the United States to snatch a precarious and momentary lead. The fourth is the ever greater drain on national resources by the cost of nuclear weapons, and the desire to check this drain in order that a greater proportion of the national wealth can be used for necessary development at home. And finally there is the fact that "competitive coexistence" is already a reality — that East and West are both committed, in prestige as well as money, to the competitive struggle for the uncommitted nations in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America. It was these facts that drove the four Great Powers to the Summit; and they have not vanished overnight, though on both sides the wreckers — those who fear the hazards of East-West negotiations far more than they fear the bloodier risks of hotting up the cold war — have won the first round.

Sooner or later these facts, and others like them, will begin to tell. The signs today, unhappily, are that it will be later. For the immediate future the pressure for harsh inflexibility will be the stronger. But it will not be long before the cost begins to count. Wall Street may rejoice at the prospect of increased defense expenditure; but those who foot the bill will soon think twice — particularly if the billions of dollars and rubles and pounds and francs poured down the drain bring nothing more tangible than frozen immobility. For England, poised on the edge of still another balance of payments crisis, the return to cold war and bigger military budgets could be the last financial straw. And in Russia, whatever Mr. Khrushchev's military opponents may think, an attempt to throttle down on con-

sumer demand could soon prove that Khrushchev's policy, not theirs, was right. And what of the United States? Will its citizens go on forever believing the horror stories cooked up to get them to foot the nuclear bill? Harsh economic facts alone, the common sense of dollars and cents, mean that sooner or later East and West must get together.

NEXT time, however, it had better be in earnest. Today we are all so busy being self-righteous about Mr. Khrushchev's bull-necked discourtesy, that it is easy to forget that the Russians, though they may bear the blame for the ultimate fiasco, are certainly not alone in bearing the responsibility. If we look back over the checkered events which, almost contrary to expectation, finally ended in the agreement to meet in Paris — the prevarications, the totally unnecessary delays, the maneuvers to avoid discussing Berlin, the anxious pre-conference conferences — we shall find little to be proud of in the Western record. The Khrushchev period has offered opportunities enough for serious negotiation. Now, when it is perhaps too late, and Khrushchev's opponents appear to be in the saddle, we are beginning to see the opportunities we missed. If in his struggle to break with the Stalin era and to transform cold war into coexistence, Khrushchev has been defeated by his opponents at home, the responsibility is partly ours; for it was our niggling response that caused them in the end to conclude that this policy was not bringing the results he promised. Next time, if there is a next time, we had better go to the Summit with clean hands, and not worry so much about the color of the other fellow's. And the other inescapable conclusion is that we had better not go at all, unless we are in earnest about what we want and the price we are prepared to pay. There were, and still are, possibilities of compromise which would pay both sides handsome dividends; but there never was, and never will be, a possibility — as our statesmen appear too readily to have believed — that the Russians will accept an uneven bargain.

U. N. — Stage for Disarmament . . by Frederick Kuh

Washington, D.C.

A STRUGGLE over the United Nations' role in any future disarmament arrangements has split the Eisenhower Administration and opened a rift between the Allies and the U.N. The stakes in this unpublicized contest are high, including the future of the U.N. itself. The world organization will be crippled if, in the years ahead, it is denied a hand in supervision of any disarmament plan.

Further, the United States and its Allies are courting a new major moral, psychological and political defeat if they either straddle the issue or oppose outright a U.N. share in managing disarmament, thus letting the Kremlin appear as the champion of the U.N. and of the smaller powers whose interests are involved.

There will be those who object that the debacle of the Summit conference—that-never-was has paralyzed East-West negotiations on disarmament to the point at which it is fatuous to quarrel over the U.N. role.

To be sure, even before the rupture in Paris, the ten-nation disarmament talks in Geneva were completely stalemated after the first ten weeks. It is also true that the Paris fiasco thwarted the expectation that the Big Four would agree on fresh instructions to the ten. The West had intended to invite Nikita Khrushchev to join in directing the Geneva conferees to single out a few specific areas of disarmament for immediate agreement. Among these areas were a ban on outer-space vehicles carrying nuclear explosives, reciprocal advance notification of the launching of long-range missiles (to avoid war by accident), and resumption of the abortive 1958 negotiation of measures to prevent surprise attack.

Granted, then, that one of the tragic results of the Big Four meeting is that the ten-nation gathering seems condemned to sluggish polemics and impotence for the foreseeable future. After its reopening this month, the conference will probably continue into July or August, when

the delegates will throw the whole issue back to the eighty-two-nation U.N. Disarmament Commission.

But neither this procedural delay nor the more serious political setback of the Summit's collapse justifies the cynics in writing off the prospect for limited disarmament agreements. People everywhere will continue to press their leaders to put brakes on the arms race. Aside from the risk of war, millions realize the idiocy of pouring hundreds of billions of dollars into military preparedness instead of diverting a slice of those huge funds into the underdeveloped countries and into medical care, education, housing, roads, irrigation and public power at home.

SEEN historically, significant forces are bound to reassert themselves for getting on with serious disarmament negotiations after the present chilly intermezzo. In the medium run, whether those negotiations shall be put under the U.N. umbrella, or outside, is by no means academic.

Secretary General Hammarskjöld has twice publicly indicated his anxiety over the outcome of this issue. On April 28, he appeared in Geneva to remind the ten-nation conference that the U.N. carries the primary responsibility for disarmament. Three weeks later, on May 19, at a press conference in New York, he renewed his challenge to those who want to keep the U.N. out of the disarmament business. That was two days after disruption of the Summit conference, at which disarmament was to have been the first topic. He appealed to all U.N. member states to use their organization to overcome the Paris setback.

Mr. Hammarskjöld is even more worried than these generalities suggest. On March 8, he flew to Washington to confer about the problem with Secretary Herter. That was six days before the Western Powers presented their disarmament plan to the Soviet bloc in Geneva.

Mr. Hammarskjöld had been tipped in advance that the West would propose the establishment of an International Disarmament Or-

ganization (IDO) outside the U.N. IDO would supervise all conventional armaments which each signatory power would place in storage depots within its own territories. Parties to an eventual disarmament agreement would submit to IDO details of all their military expenditures. It is to IDO that each of the powers would give prior notification of launching of space vehicles.

WHEN Mr. Hammarskjöld sat in Mr. Herter's office in Washington three months ago, he argued strongly for making IDO accountable to the U.N. The two men have since been conducting an intensive secret correspondence on the subject, according to State Department sources. The Secretary of State is now known to share the conviction that the U.N. should supervise the IDO.

But Mr. Herter has met powerful resistance at the Pentagon, which violently rejects the idea that the U.N. should "poke its nose" into issues affecting our national security and strategy. The military are all the more opposed because of the increasingly uncertain balance of power in the U.N. General Assembly due to the influx of new nations, the establishment of the Afro-Asian bloc and the increasing independence shown by the Latin Americans [see "U.N. — Africa Shifts the Balance," May 21].

The Pentagon—with clandestine support from a few members of Secretary Herter's staff—is also opposed because of its fears concerning Communist China and East Germany. Political advisers of the Defense Department surmise that if Red China and the German Democratic Republic ultimately belong to IDO, it will prove impossible to keep them out of the U.N. Officials of U.N. say it is unrealistic to imagine that Communist China would associate itself with a general or partial disarmament treaty in coming years without becoming a member of the world body.

Mr. Hammarskjöld's anxiety concerning the U.N.'s exclusion from IDO does not extend to its exclu-

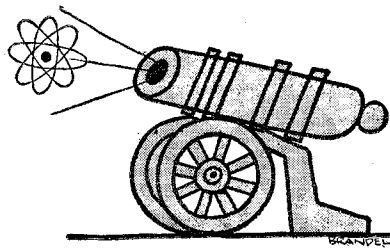
FREDERICK KUH is on the staff of the Chicago Sun-Times.

sion from a nuclear test-ban treaty (if and when signed). This is because such a treaty would not deal with the central issue of disarmament, and would involve directly only a handful of states rather than the world community.

Neither side has so far won in the conflict between Mr. Herter and the Pentagon. President Eisenhower, the supreme judge in the Herter vs. Pentagon fight, rendered a verdict in favor of golf. He seems certain to turn the issue over to his successor as unfinished business.

IN THE light of these developments, it seems inconsistent of Mr. Eisenhower now to ask the U.N. to establish a new "open skies" system as a precaution against surprise attack. For under the U.N. Charter, the International Disarmament Organization is much more a U.N. responsibility than is aerial reconnaissance. The U.N., after a confidential study, estimated that the President's scheme would cost \$1 billion a year to operate. It is highly doubtful that enough U.N. members are ready to supply this kind of money.

The U.S. Department of Defense is not the only adversary of a U.N. roof for disarmament. The French are also against it. De Gaulle is still smarting under three rebuffs from the U.N.—its telling stand against the 1956 Franco-British invasion of Egypt, its refusal to support the French war against the Algerian independence movement, and its rebuke to the French for exploding nuclear bombs over the Sahara. Fur-



thermore, de Gaulle is deeply opposed to subordinating France's sovereignty to any supranational organization.

Italy is supporting France; however, lacking the French grievances against the U.N., the Italians are emotionally less involved.

The arguments in favor of assigning the U.N. a supervisory role over any future disarmament arrangements, even if limited to specific points, are impressive:

1. To deprive the U.N. of this responsibility would maim the world organization. It would be robbing it of an issue which belongs to it under the Charter and under dozens of resolutions passed by its members.

2. The deprivation would be all the more damaging because the course of history is already—and rightly—removing another major function from the United Nations—the U.N. Trusteeship system, which is dying of inanition.

3. To have the U.N. and IDO active in disarmament, operating independently, would be inefficient and confusing, and would be a standing invitation for troublemakers to play off one body against another.

4. If the five Western Powers' plan to create a peace force under

IDO were to become reality, it would further minimize the importance of the U.N. in world affairs, especially since armed power—once reposed in IDO—would accumulate there.

The Russians are already extracting political and propaganda mileage from the West's inclination to keep disarmament and IDO outside the U.N. The Soviets are far from purely idealistic here. They have a sharp eye on their veto power in the Security Council, which would enable them to block any unwanted changes in disarmament policy or in the control structure.

However, by insisting on the U.N. umbrella for disarmament, the Russians are in clover. The underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America—and smaller nations everywhere—resent being left on the bank of the stream while the major powers negotiate disarmament arrangements profoundly affecting all others, too.

At his farewell news conference in New York on May 28, after the special "U-2" Security Council session, Andrei Gromyko told reporters: "The United Nations can play an important part in the solution of the disarmament problem. The Soviet government continues to stand for such a role for the U.N. in international affairs, especially in disarmament."

Thus the West, and particularly the United States, by their indecisive or negative attitude on this issue, are assisting Moscow's position among the Asians, Africans, neutrals and smaller countries generally.

CHARADE of CIVIL DEFENSE . . by Stanley Meisler

ONCE A YEAR America dances in a comic ballet against the backdrop of a world of terror. The dance masters call their creation, *Operation Alert*, fitting it snugly into a continuous show entitled, *Civil Defense*. This year's show took place May 3.

In New York, Civil Defense authorities qualified the Men's Bar at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel as a

shelter area, and 100 men continued to sip their highballs as three mythical nuclear bombs hurtled toward the city. At Yankee Stadium, bleacherites cowered under the stands while more affluent customers remained in their comfortable grandstand seats.

Several Manhattan firms stopped work, but one company declared its

400 employees "automatically dead" and kept them on the job.

In Washington, Congress ignored the drill, and President Eisenhower spent the day elsewhere. Only one top government official scurried from the city to his secret command

STANLEY MEISLER is a wire service newsman in Washington.

post in Virginia—Leo A. Hoegh, Director of the Office of Civil Defense and Mobilization. The State Department set a new record as 4,000 employees tucked their secret papers into safes and rushed from the building in eight minutes (previous record: twelve minutes). Fifty-five schools stayed out of the drill, serving as polling places for the District of Columbia's Presidential primary.

At 2 P.M., the sirens in Camden, N. J., alerted citizens to prepare for a possible second signal to take cover. Across the river, in Philadelphia, where the Civil Defense system does not include such an alert, residents heard Camden's sirens and hurried off the streets. At 2:15 P.M., Philadelphia's sirens blared away for the first time—the signal to take cover. But Philadelphians assumed it was the all clear and rushed back into the streets.

In Los Angeles, the drill included the evacuation, on paper, of 150,000 residents of western San Fernando Valley. If the drill had been real, Police Inspector Lee German announced, the result would have been "the greatest traffic jam ever created on the face of the earth." But Pinckneyville, Illinois, simulated the real thing and had no such problem. As a gesture of patriotism, the town evacuated its entire population of 3,299. During an actual nuclear attack, of course, Pinckneyvillites would be expected to stay put.

BUT NOT everyone danced on May 3. Little bands of protesters refused to perform in several places, most conspicuously in New York, where it is a criminal offense to ignore a Civil Defense drill. Five hundred persons demonstrated in City Hall Park; when 150 defied police orders to take cover, patrolmen moved in and arrested twenty-six at random [see editorial, *The Nation*, May 14, page 415]. City College, Brooklyn College, Queens College, Hunter College and several New York high schools also were the sites of protest demonstrations. College officials reacted with hints of possible disciplinary action.

Student protests were not confined to New York City. Eight students from Wesleyan University and

three from Hartford College paraded before the state capitol in Hartford, Connecticut, bearing signs that cried: "Civil Defense Breeds Militarism" and "There is Still Time, Brother." Thirteen students from Haverford and Bryn Mawr colleges joined marchers in front of Philadelphia's City Hall. In Schenectady, New York, twenty Union College students refused to take shelter.

Operation Alert 1960 probably had more protest and comedy than the six previous national Civil Defense drills, but, for the most part, Americans once again acquiesced and performed the few steps assigned them. Yet the increase in protest and comedy reflected a swelling, inner grumbling within the nation, a growing feeling that whether or not Civil Defense makes sense in theory, the Civil Defense we have in practice makes none. To even the most stalwart defender of the principle, American Civil Defense must seem sometimes ludicrous, sometimes maddening, and most times non-existent.

IN THE first place, the goals of our Civil Defense planners are hidden by confusion. The average American is not quite sure whether he is expected to hide in his basement or run from his house, and neither is the Office of Civil Defense and Mobilization. For years, the government emphasized evacuation from target areas: maps with escape routes were distributed, highway markers were nailed up, evacuation centers were designated. But, in the past two years, it dawned on planners that the thirty-minute flight of a missile from Russia to the United States would not give eight million New Yorkers, for example, enough time to drive calmly into Connecticut and New Jersey. Planners hit on a new device of defense—the fallout shelter.

In theory, the shelter would save all those who had not been directly hit by a bomb. The theory supposes that the living, after two weeks, could creep out of their shelters and survive in an area without edible food or potable water. "What kind of world would they come up to?" Gov. Robert B. Meyner of New

Jersey has asked. "What would they use for air? What would they use for food? What would they use for hospitals? What would they use for streets? What would they use for people?" The government acknowledges the difficulty, but hopes that after several weeks state and federal forces could move in with supplies.

But, even assuming that shelters will perform a limited function, the plain fact remains that almost no one is building them. Rogers S. Cannell and Richard B. Foster of the Stanford Research Institute recently estimated that it would cost \$50 to \$100 billion a year for the next ten years to build enough shelters for survival. The Eisenhower Administration has been in no mood to spend that kind of money on Civil Defense, and it is doubtful that its successor would contemplate spending it either. "There will be no massive federally financed shelter construction program," OCDM Director Leo A. Hoegh announced two years ago. Instead, he proposed that the government build a few prototype shelters and convince Americans to use private funds to build their own. But few, if any Americans, are spending weekends bricking together dark, wet shelters (although, in the wake of the Summit debacle, a few construction firms have launched a sales campaign for their services as expert shelter builders; see reproduction of advertisement on next page). Hoegh has received from Congress only a little more than a third of the \$29 million he has asked for this program during the past two years. Rep. Albert Thomas (D., Tex.), chairman of a House Appropriations subcommittee, told Hoegh quite bluntly: "The great trouble with Civil Defense is . . . the people back home are not too interested in the proposition."

As a result, Civil Defense officials have found themselves with an acclaimed shelter theory, but no shelters, and a discredited evacuation theory, but lots of evacuation facilities. So, to take advantage of what it has, the OCDM, in essence, now advocates both theories. It urges the public to evacuate if there is time and to seek shelter if there isn't.

The resultant confusion can be

detected by glancing at the Civil Defense guide issued last year for the Washington, D.C., area. The guide first offers a huge map detailing the various evacuation routes into Virginia and Maryland. Then it offers directions on how to obtain designs for a home shelter. Some attempt is made to comfort confused readers by promising that, during an attack, the government would sound a steady, five-minute alert siren only if it felt residents had enough time to evacuate. If it felt there was no time, the government would immediately sound a warbling, three-minute take-cover siren. But a disquieting note is added in the course of a discussion of driving on the evacuation route. "When the take-cover signal sounds," the guide says, "pull your car off the road quickly. Leave keys in the vehicle. Take such essential survival items as you can carry. Go to shelter immediately in the nearest building. Carry your portable radio with you." The note implies that Civil Defense officials envision many persons ending up halfway between their home shelters and their evacuation centers.

In the view of Sen. Stephen M. Young (D., Ohio), you could expect little else. "Anyone who has seen or been in the everyday rush-hour traffic jam in Washington can easily imagine what would happen if every car in the District of Columbia were simultaneously to begin the trek out of town," Sen. Young said after reading the guide. "The idea is too ridiculous to contemplate. It is doubtful there would be time enough to reach one's car, much less to drive it out of the city." Faced with OCDM's own doubts and Sen. Young's logic, the Washingtonian would have an awesome decision to make if the sirens or CONELRAD advised him he had enough time to run away. Should he leave the possible safety of his fallout shelter to seek the certain safety of the evacuation center? Should he rush toward certain safety knowing there was a chance he would end up in the middle of the street with no safety at all? Did it really matter what he did?

Wastefulness and inefficiency have bogged down Civil Defense workers

June 11, 1960

almost as much as the lack of a clear program. Their most vocal critic by far has been Sen. Young. Last year, the Senator noted, John Pokorny received \$12,834 a year as Cleveland Civil Defense Director and "his main achievement, if not the only one, is to have the sirens sounded every Monday at 12:15 P.M. to the annoyance of people living in my community." On March 15, a subcommittee of the Newark, New Jersey, City Council, after a year-long study, concluded that "the record of our Civil Defense agency is a sad one of inefficiency and waste. . . . It is our considered opinion that to continue the present Civil Defense operation in Newark is indefensible from any reasonable viewpoint."

But the most amazing record of bumbling has come from Washington, D.C., where the local Civil Defense people work under the noses of the President, the OCDM and Congress. The situation finally prompted the Senate Investigating subcommittee last year to step in and hold hearings. "To sum up what appears to me from what I have heard this morning," Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D., Wash.), the acting chairman, concluded, "we really don't have Civil Defense here in the District of Columbia." And he quickly added: "Maybe we don't have it in other communities throughout the country."

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Robert Emmet Dunne, assistant counsel of the subcommittee, testified that during a December, 1958, inspection he discovered that of 524,800 pamphlets, leaflets and comic books on civil defense the local Civil Defense agency had acquired a year to two years earlier, 442,000 had not been distributed. In addition, the local agency had bought 100,000 air-raid warden arm-bands several years before, and still had 81,000 lying around. Dunne also found that the agency had spent \$42,750 for walkie-talkies in 1951 and 1952 and most of them were now beyond repair.

STRANGE tales of ineffectiveness also crammed the day's testimony. In one example, John E. Fondahl, the Washington Civil Defense director, revealed what an unexpected twist in practice drill can do:

Back around 1955 or 1956 [the subcommittee counsel asked], you had an alert insofar as Civil Defense, a practice, in which the President of the United States took part. Am I right in that? . . .

Fondahl: Yes. The President did take part in one national exercise; yes, sir.

Q: During a portion of the exercise, the President all of a sudden declared martial law; am I right?

Fondahl: There was a declaration of martial law involved in that exercise; yes, sir.

Q: Did your office know that martial law had been declared by the President?

Fondahl: We, as I recall, in that exercise, we got the message on that towards the close of the exercise.

Q: Do you know why the President declared martial law?

Fondahl: I presume for the purpose of testing out what would actually happen in the event that such a thing were to come about.

Q: I am not asking for any presumption. Do you know why he declared martial law?

Fondahl: No, sir.

Q: Do you know why your communications broke down and you didn't find out about it?

Fondahl: Well, our facilities didn't break down. I don't know why we didn't find out about it earlier.

Q: Well, do you know? Can you tell me now. . . ?

Fondahl: I can't recall at this

date . . . just what did happen.

Q: In other words, you can't tell me today why your agency wasn't notified that martial law had been declared, can you?

Fondhal: . . . No, sir.

The comedy, the waste, the bungling have their root, of course, in public refusal to accept Civil Defense wholeheartedly. It may be, as New York's Governor Rockefeller has implied, that this refusal comes from an unwillingness to face the tensions of the world realistically. If so, a vital question must be answered. Would Civil Defense make sense if people pitched in, Congress appropriated billions, the President set intelligible goals, and all the comedy, waste and bungling withered away? The answer lies in logic, not in laughter, in examining theory rather than practice.

Rockefeller, the most intellectual advocate of strong Civil Defense, detailed his argument in the April, 1960, issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Since Russia can attack any place in the United States within minutes, Rockefeller wrote, American offensive power is not enough to deter aggression. Instead, he continued, deterrence must depend on four factors: "a. capacity to retaliate; b. ability to protect our allies; c. willingness to use these capabilities; and d. knowledge on the part of the potential aggressor that both our retaliatory force and our civilian population have the protection to survive an attack." The fourth factor involves Civil Defense, and Rockefeller maintained it is based on a moral and a strategic position.

"We properly recoil before the horrors of nuclear war," he said in his discussion of the moral issue. "But we cannot afford to assume that it could not happen—all the less so as our whole strategy is based on the threat of it. . . . It is our heavy responsibility as public officials and as citizens to save the lives and to protect the health of our people. A lagging effort cannot be excused by our conviction that nuclear war is a tragedy and that we must strive by all honorable means to assure peace." Strategically, he continued, we must remove temptation from an aggressor who

might risk an all-out war if he thought he could destroy our most valuable asset—the people. Since, in Rockefeller's view, advance preparation, particularly shelters, would reduce casualties from fallout, the nation must take these preparations to eliminate the temptation.

But Rockefeller's argument concerns itself so thoroughly with the psychology of an aggressor that it ignores the psychology of the United States. How would all-out Civil Defense affect the American people? Americans obviously would develop a false sense of security; they would create what Sen. Young, Gov. Meyner and Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, on three separate occasions, have called a Maginot Line concept. Shelters, as we have seen, would protect an individual only from fallout. Using Civil Defense estimates, the three mythical bombs that struck New York City during *Operation Alert* would have killed 3,935,490 persons and injured 1,098,410 persons instantly. Theoretically, not one of these persons could have been saved by a shelter; they would have been killed by the initial blast and heat. Later radiation, according to the estimates, would have killed 1,405,000 more people and injured 1,345,000 others. Even in theory, these are the only victims who might have been saved by shelters. When Rockefeller suggests a shelter may save your life, he actually means, as these figures demonstrate, that it

may insure the survival of some part of the species Man, a very different and much less comforting concept.

A terrifying assumption underlies Rockefeller's argument. While focusing on deterrence, the Governor's theory assumes that, if war came, victory through survival might be possible. Rockefeller's words harmonize with the ponderous theorizing of other *Foreign Affairs* contributors who talk in terms of numbers and percentages instead of horror and anguish, as if war were a chess game. At the moment, these attitudes control only political leaders and military strategists, but a gigantic Civil Defense would implant them into the civilian population. When we concentrate on numbers, survival and victory, as Rockefeller does, and drive from our minds visions of writhing bodies and screaming flesh, then war becomes thinkable. In the nuclear age, war must be unthinkable. "There is one and only one defense against nuclear war," Gov. Meyner has said, "and that is peace."

We have a farcical and harmless—if expensive—Civil Defense these days. But should our government listen to the cry of Rockefeller and create a lavish, efficient Civil Defense, an acceptance of war and a faith in survival would storm the consciousness of America. The annual dance called *Operation Alert* would be less comic then.

NOT RUNNING . . . by Milton Viorst

Washington, D.C.

A GRAND tradition in American political life came to an end here recently. The Socialist Party, at its national convention, voted not to run candidates in this year's elec-

There had once been glorious days for the Socialist movement, when the devoted were convinced that an American plebiscite for a new, collective society was just around the corner. It started with Eugene V. Debs's first candidacy in 1900 and

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reached its peak in 1920, when Debs collected almost a million votes. But the euphoria did not last. In 1956, the slate of Darlington Hoopes and Sam Friedman, on the ballot in only four states, received a total of 2,126 votes.

At this year's convention, a hard core of delegates wanted to continue running a ticket, but not because the chances of success seemed greater than in 1956. They argued, quite simply, that a party without candidates was not a party. But a two-thirds majority, with the 1956 disaster in mind, was convinced that to put up a slate would be foolish.

It would appear that the erosion of the Socialist Party over the years constitutes less a condemnation of socialism than a tribute to the success of American capitalism. The party had to admit, in its own platform, that "American capitalism has proved resourceful beyond the expectation of Socialists in the past." Affluence, it appears, has made American labor capitalistic; the American working man has rebuffed the Socialist movement.

Again and again, speeches from the convention floor lamented that a "hoodwinked" labor had betrayed its own cause; and again and again, speakers proclaimed that labor, now in league with the two capitalist parties, must be brought back into the fold.

And the Socialists have not given up hope for the future. Indeed, urged the majority, it was precisely because of the future that the party, limited in money and manpower, could not afford to waste money on a ludicrous election campaign. Leading the majority was Norman Thomas, the ageless incarnation of democratic socialism in the United States. He had opposed running a slate in 1952 and again in 1956. Now, in an impassioned speech from the

convention floor, he proclaimed that "The same energy can yield better results for socialism elsewhere. . . . The only way is to create a mass movement — through working in labor and civic organizations. There is no hope for socialism otherwise."

Thomas, theologian as well as politician, is at least as deeply committed to peace as he is to socialism. Each time he speaks, he hammers away at the futility of the struggle for a Socialist society as long as it is uncertain that *any* society may long endure. The party, he said, can campaign this year for peace, and support candidates who favor peace. (When one young delegate offered a resolution stating that "Peace cannot be assured until the profit system is abolished," he did not even receive the dignity of defeat; his resolution was ignored.) Socialists must not waste their votes, even if they must choose between the lesser of two capitalist evils. It was time, Thomas said, for "political realignment."

To most of the delegates, "political realignment" meant, ideally, a reorganization of political forces in this country, with labor, the farmers, Negroes, other minorities and the "liberal and peace forces" forging

a union to combat "conservatism and big business, the militarists and nationalists and stand-patters." The more realistic acknowledged, however, that the realignment more likely would mean that the Socialist Party will make a bid to become the left wing of the Democratic Party. The platform — adopted as an "educational" document, since there will be no candidates to proclaim it — paid due obeisance, in its preamble, to the vision of a Socialist society. But the program it outlined in detail would certainly gain the assent of Senators Humphrey and Morse, and perhaps even of Senator Kennedy.

Thomas insisted that the party would retain its traditional role as a dais for dissent. It will, he said, expose falsehood, bring honest argument to key issues and, with great selectivity, support candidates. But Sam Friedman and a small band of old Socialist war horses went down fighting. For a party, Friedman insisted, all issues but socialism are side issues. Supporting liberal reform was fine, he declared; but was it socialism? Or, as a California delegate lamented: "I don't want to be a Humphrey or a Kennedy Socialist. I just want to be a Socialist."

REDUCING AD ABSURDUM . . by David Cort

THE PLEASURE of eating to repletion, once reserved to the very few, is so available in America today that millions now are as bloated as a senior wife in a Sultan's harem — and hating it. The statistics say that half of American men, and three-quarters of American women, are overweight; this would seem an exaggeration, as one looks about. Still, a lot of people have no more figure between chest and hips than a market hog; and a lot more insist that they are too fat. This condition

DAVID CORT is the author of Is There an American in the House? (Macmillan). Most of his friends think he is underweight.

June 11, 1960

has led to the result that about half the population will read anything on how to reduce.

In this context, what everybody knows is never mentioned, and should be. First, one of the major anticipations that keeps many people going is the next meal; it is a large part of what they mean by happiness and they should not lightly be deprived of it. Second, an adult's ingestion and enjoyment of food is not especially attractive to other adults. Some "backward" peoples, such as the Balinese, recognize this by politely turning their backs on the other diners when they eat. In short, human beings tend to be enthusiastic about their own eating,

and quite unenthusiastic about other people's eating, unless they are mag-nanimous chefs or great-hearted mothers of families, for whom the consumption seems a compliment to their product.

The Puritanical disapproval of fatness in others is especially forthcoming from people who are themselves fat. This performance, both funny and saddening to thin people, says something about man's helpless inhumanity. But I also suspect an element of the same thing in the specialists' advice to the overweight on how to reduce. The most superficial review of publicized reducing diets will confirm such suspicion.

This matter has gone so far and

wild that should I now cruelly invent a farce diet (say, caviar for protein, peanut butter for fat, buttered popcorn for carbohydrates, vitamin pills and plenty of bourbon sour mash whisky), any publisher could easily sell 50,000 copies of the book. If there is any deficiency in this diet (journalistic, not dietetic), it would be only that it is not funny enough.

THE CRUELTY and irresponsibility of offering one single, standard dietary solution for everybody is obvious. What a person eats is, in many important respects, his life. But every individual is different from every other individual. No doctrinaire solution will work for them all. Each individual has conditioned habits of eating, of taste, of appetite, of expenditure of energy, of nervous rhythms and, most important of all, of metabolism. Few modern doctors have the interest, time or genius to find out all about any one individual; and many are themselves overweight. But the individual has the time and interest and, at least about himself, perhaps the genius. After all, it's his life.

If he still prefers professional advice, here is what he will find:

Avoid fats, says Dr. Stanley M. Garn in *The Nation's Children* (Vol. II). "I am struck by [children's diets'] resemblance to the diet . . . used to create obesity in rats. Frappés, fat-meat hamburgers, bacon and mayonnaise sandwiches, followed by ice cream."

Eat fats, says Dr. Richard Mackarness in *Eat Fat and Grow Slim*. "Fat is the least fattening of all foods because it turns the bellows on the body-fires in a fat person and enables him to mobilize his stored fat . . . helping him to burn up more efficiently the food he eats."

Avoid potatoes, says practically everybody since the pioneer William Banting in the nineteenth century.

Eat potatoes, says Dr. H. L. Marriott in the *British Medical Journal*, so long as they are boiled, steamed or baked in the jackets.

Don't mix foods, says Dr. William Howard Hay, in such "appalling mixtures" as bacon and eggs, meat and potatoes, bread and cheese or

toast and marmalade. This monotonous diet has its most devoted followers in Hollywood.

"Nonsense," says Prof. John Yudkin in *This Slimming Business*, to the foregoing. Foods, he says, are not exclusively protein or carbohydrate. Bread has some protein; and the amino acids from both bread and meat simultaneously are required to convert the protein into good tissue.

Avoid plain water, say Gayelord Hauser and some doctors. Says Hauser: "Plain water is responsible for many overweight, puffed-up bodies." Instead, he advises lemon juice, cider vinegar, etc., "to dissolve the fat."

Drink lots of water, says Dr. Mackarness. Dr. Yudkin adds: "All healthy people, even fat people, have a pretty perfect mechanism which regulates very exactly the amount of water and of salt which the body retains." Apparently the body is extremely insistent on maintaining a certain proportion of fluidity and salinity.

Avoid alcohol, says nearly everybody.

Drink alcohol, says Dr. Mackarness. "There is the intriguing possibility that alcoholic drinks . . . may step up metabolism to an extent which more than compensates for the calories taken in as alcohol. . . . Probably all alcoholic drinks except those like beer, which contain large amounts of carbohydrates, are slimming."

THERE is no need to take sides in any of these religious wars. The layman, however, would be justified in thinking that somebody didn't know what he was talking about.

The most suspect are those who treat the human body as if it were a standard blast furnace, where certain elements in fixed proportion are poured in, subjected to a uniform process and culminate in a uniform product, absolutely and precisely predictable.

If this were true, reducing diets would long since have become a dead subject. But it is said that they are instead the one subject guaranteed to bring any social group alive and quivering. Actually, this must apply only to groups conversationally

dominated by women. I hear very few men seriously discussing reducing; I have never done so. But it is true that one must be ready to discuss the weight of any lady one knows well; in America one must never say, "But I like you fat." To an American woman, flesh means only carbohydrates.

The subject is so entrancing that it is likely to appear in any issue of *Woman's Day*, *McCall's*, *Reader's Digest* and most recently, of all places, in *U.S. News and World Report*, whose April 11 issue gave eight fairly unprofitable pages to an interview on reducing, with a specialist who looked overweight, if not quite obese, to me.

His comments can be divided between the debatable and the undebatable. Of the latter: "Overweight people are more likely to die of heart disease. . . . A young man doing light work . . . probably should get around 2,400 calories a day. . . . It's a mistake to go on a stringent reducing diet. . . ." Of the debatable: "It is very desirable to divide your food supply approximately equally in the three meals. . . . Any amount of alcohol is bad. . . . There are only one or two explanations of the man who stays thin. One is, he isn't absorbing the energy, which is unlikely; or two, he is expending more than it looks as though he's expending. . . . To use up one pound of body fat, you have to walk about thirty-five miles. . . ." He is absolutely opposed to eating meat fat.

Meat fat is to me a prized delicacy; I also love quantities of beer; peanut butter and mayonnaise are the blessings of civilization; and I have weighed about the same for thirty years. Furthermore, any urbanite who suddenly walks thirty-five miles is going to lose a lot more than a pound; he may lose consciousness, too. The doctor and myself are evidently not members of the same animal species. Anyway, he certainly doesn't know anything about my species.

But an experiment was conducted in England by Sir Charles Dodds of Middlesex Hospital which moves this subject up to a height where we begin to get a view. He rounded up two groups of people, one whose

weights had been increasing, the other whose weights had remained fairly level for some years. Both groups were asked to double or triple their intake of food for a period.

If you believed *U.S. News and World Report*, you would expect both groups to gain some weight. The first group, indeed, did. The second gained not at all.

There are better lessons here than the mere destruction of dieting theories. The first group, one must conclude, could deal with a surplus of calories only by storing them as surplus fat. For some this may have been aggravated by a suspected abnormality of being unable to convert any carbohydrates at all into energy, so that all bread, potatoes and sweets turn into fat and never do the body any good. For these people, the result of eating is still an unsatisfied feeling, more eating and more fat.

Of the second group, it must be assumed that the challenge of surplus calories put their metabolism into high gear. The juices were present, ready and willing to tear the stuff apart. They rushed to the attack with a cheer and the self-confidence of Caesar's legions on a good day. The first group's legions were nonexistent (unlikely) or disorganized or asleep. (I will add my suspicion that the second group, feeling an uncomfortable loginess, also increased their overt exercise, while the first group succumbed to the lethargy, to which they were already partly habituated.)

The useful point of this experiment is that it demonstrates that different people are different, and shifts the emphasis to metabolism, the subject doctors do not like to talk about because they scarcely understand it.

METABOLISM is a very interesting subject. A shrew, for example, must eat every few hours or die of starvation; it has a maniacal metabolism. Some passerine birds eat several times their weight every day, but an obese wild bird is unthinkable; it would not be able to get airborne. Strains of wild birds and animals with inefficient metabolisms have long since been eliminated. In domesticated animals, metabolism

controls production of milk, eggs and *pâté de foie gras*.

It is, however, possible for a human being with an imperfect metabolism to survive handily, since human brains have almost eliminated the challenges to physical efficiency. Two sets of cells in the brain of all mammals are concerned with appetite. If these are destroyed in rats, the rats do not know how to stop eating. In other words, these nerve centers transmit the news from the stomach that it has had enough, and turn off the appetite. It is possible that an



excess of alcohol and cigarette-smoking deaden the message from the body that it would like some food now, please.

A decent respect for the mysterious orchestrations of the body was a remarkable quality of a recent three-part serial on alcoholism in *The New Yorker* by Berton Roueché. This quoted a Chicago doctor on some individuals' peculiar sensitization to particular foods, especially the grains, wheat, corn and rye, that incidentally provide most alcohol. These become "addictive" foods, like alcohol. It also relates alcoholism and other food addictions to defects in the endocrine gland system — thyroid, parathyroid, pituitary, adrenal, gonad, pancreatic islets of Langerhans. The adrenals, for example, are essential to carbohydrate metabolism; their failure creates a body need for blood sugar. The failure of other ductless glands seems to produce

other compulsive food needs. This kind of talk gets us somewhere.

But the individual need not become the guinea pig of science; what he most needs is to find out about himself, empirically. In ordinary common sense, the individual ought to increase or decrease his allotment of only one food for perhaps a week at a time (potatoes, bread, sweets, fats, meat, etc.), leaving the rest of his accustomed diet exactly the same. During this period he should weigh himself every day at the same time, preferably just before breakfast. If he does not soon know what his particular metabolism can handle and what it cannot, he must be very peculiar. The lessons he learns will apply only to himself; he should not be encouraged to write a book advising anybody else how to get fat or thin. Especially if he has an M.D.

BUT THE individual weighing himself in the morning and trying to remember what he ate yesterday ought also to weigh two other factors. The first is whether he feels well. If he does, the reason may be that what he ate yesterday was good for him. (Or it may simply be that it's a beautiful morning or he's in love or he's due for a raise.)

He should also try to remember how he enjoyed what he ate. An animal makes the best use of what it likes, i.e., what seems to taste good, what is all-around welcome news to the mouth, nose, stomach, brain, glands and nerves; but of course if this also adds weight, he had better do without it, if he really doesn't want to add weight. Otherwise, excluding what he knows very well he ought to avoid, the individual ought to eat precisely what he likes best, if in reasonable quantities. All his life he is going to think about the next meal. Very well, let him think about it pleasurably and selectively and intelligently, and then eat it.

Too many of the diets I have looked at seem to me to reflect the prescriber's antisocial disapproval of other people's having any fun. This pompous sadism, of which we are all a little guilty, is a philosophical, sociological and dietary disaster. To tell anybody to drink only skimmed milk is a dirty, rotten trick.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Anger on Two Fronts

THE STAGES OF ECONOMIC GROWTH: A Non-Communist Manifesto. By W. W. Rostow. Cambridge University Press. 179 pp. \$3.75 cloth; \$1.45 paper.

Edward W. Ziegler

"ENTREPRENEUR" never needed a qualifying adjective until now. There was only one kind. He was the crafty chap who performed the catalytic function in the growth of industrialization. He was always thought of as a private citizen with an eye for a fast buck. He was the man who — by wile, stealth and perspicacity — changed the economic metabolism of entire nations for his own enrichment.

Sooner or later the question was bound to arise: "Can the entrepreneur be that simply described? Is he really just a man after personal profit?" W. W. Rostow has recently phrased new answers to those questions, and a burst of outrage has greeted his answers. For Rostow suggests that, outside of America and Western Europe, the catalytic function has been performed less for personal profit than for national dignity.

Therefore, Rostow reasons, there are at least two distinct types of entrepreneurs—the private and the public. There has been Andrew Carnegie; there has also been Nikolai Lenin.

This simple notion has caused a flurry of angry criticism among both private enterprisers and Communists for the reason that this analysis suggests what common sense itself suggests—both systems are partly correct, partly poppycock. Even the partisans of each system who now voice their disgust at the signs of a possible ideological truce must have been aware of the busy eclecticism that has been in progress for many years. Their doctrinaire obliviousness does not now diminish the clarity of Rostow's theory of growth — a theory that is drawing the close attention of underdeveloped nations in search of the quickest way up. For what Rostow has developed is an explanation of growth that transcends the flukes of national character or geography that have until now been considered the determinants

of the pace of economic growth and the type of growth (free, forced, or something in between).

Rostow has made impressive enemies since he stated his theory of the stages of economic growth before Cambridge undergraduates last year. Both Russians and Americans have had at him.

Pravda has invoked its animal vocabulary to describe his work, and that is a sure sign that he is getting warm. In *Pravda's* view he is a "snipe" cheeping in fright on the capitalist dung heap.

Fortune, meanwhile, has found itself a man to hurl more polite anathemas at Rostow. Professor David McCord Wright, a McGill University political scientist-economist, charges that Rostow's work is mechanistic and "centralist-despotic" in outlook, and that it is utterly devoid of predictive value.

On the one hand Rostow takes away the supposed uniqueness of the revolutionary radical, and on the other he removes the heroic mantle from the private tycoon. Neither *Pravda* nor *Fortune* is happy to have its respective heroes cut down to size. Yet the two types are similar—and this is where the heat begins—because they hold a common belief that economic growth is a positive good and an attainable end. Therefore Rostow's main rascality seems to be that he has removed some of the rhetorical illusions in which both public and private entrepreneurs have reposed.

Rostow goes on to say that nations, like their entrepreneurs, follow no single

In the Harbor

Far
in haze on lumpish water
ships (fat bushes) stand. Some
arriving. Some going away.

Get short,
rounder going farther. Come square,
taller
when closer. Slow steamers, tankers
cross on dazzled
loam lumps. Bulging shovels (near
waves) shine. Far sharp
pebbles strung out spin between flat
narrows.

Blue-
gray (smooth or brushy) bushes
grow, arriving. Fade
slow, going
away.

MAY SWENSON

pattern of evolution to reach the ultimate stage of development. And, he says, the underlying theme of all economic development in the world today is a diffusion of power among many nations. This leveling out will progress inexorably, he says, unless those of us who have already reached the highest stages of development allow a spasm of nuclear destruction to tear down everything that has been built up.

Economic growth, in Rostow's view, falls into five major stages: (1) "The Traditional Society," predominantly agricultural and inert; (2) "The Preconditions for Take-Off," in which scientific speculations translate themselves into improved agricultural productivity and nascent industrialism; (3) "The Take-Off," in which a "surge of technological development" results in growth and the accumulation of "social overhead capital" such as railroads and highways; (4) "The Drive to Maturity," in which the focus of development turns from the old industries (textiles, coal, iron) to new industries (chemicals, electric equipment, machine-tools); and (5) "The Age of High Mass Consumption," in which "resources tend increasingly to be directed to the production of consumers' durables and to the diffusion of services on a mass basis."

ROSTOW argues that at any given time growth tends to be "sectorial" in an economy, which is to say that one or perhaps two industries lead the way with rapid growth, and set the tone for the entire economy. While such growth in America has been largely inspired by the hope of private profit, "the most powerful motive for modernization in the underdeveloped areas is not . . . profit . . . but the widespread desire to increase human and national dignity."

Rostow does not essay past the fifth state — because "beyond, it is impossible to predict." Perhaps, he suggests, the "Buddenbrooks dynamic" will set in: The first generation seeks money; the second (born to wealth) seeks status; the third (born to status) seeks sensory pleasure. A very rough translation of this phenomenon might be, "Rich thinking men like their pleasure big."

The progress of growth, at any rate, begins when the smart young entrepreneurs, private or public, throw the old rascals out—at least psychologically. The first conditions of take-off, for example, are made possible by the new elite,

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which "supersedes in social and political authority the old land-based elite, whose grasp on income above minimum levels of consumption must be broken. . . ."

One cannot avoid the suspicion that Rostow's vision points the way to a continuous reshuffling of elites. Thus, when our new elite of finance and speculation led the legions to the pit in 1929, it was overthrown, and in its place we have today an elite of marketing and production. This is the elite that talks with such fervor of "selling free enterprise to the world."

Rostow suggests that we who have arrived at the apex of development will do well to forget the ideological salesmanship. Our mission, as he sees it, is to smooth the way for the emerging nations to develop with all possible speed. He suggests that America and Russia could well team up, once each has put its salesman into cold storage, and allow history to take its course. Else, he argues, the likelihood of mutual atomic destruction—or destruction at the hands of a third, fourth, or nth party—is measurably heightened.

Deep in the Unfriendly City

SUMMER KNOWLEDGE: NEW AND SELECTED POEMS 1938-1958. By Delmore Schwartz. Doubleday & Co. 240 pp. \$4.95.

M. L. Rosenthal

IT IS EASY to say what has always been wrong with Delmore Schwartz's poetry. Briefly, he has rarely been able to sustain a whole poem at the level of its beginning. No one else but Auden in this century has so many wonderful first lines: "In the naked bed, in Plato's cave," "The beautiful American word, Sure," "A dog named Ego, the snowflakes as kisses," "The horns in the harbor booming, vaguely" — such beginnings, and with them a certain tone, a wily humorous sense of tangled, painful complexities, are most memorable in Schwartz's writing. Unfortunately, it is hard to remember any larger movement into resolution in his pieces. A truly beautiful lyric poem will seem, in Hart Crane's phrase, an "involute curve," or else it will be an unfolding series of realizations that echo back and forth until what feels an ultimate resolution is reached.

And yet Schwartz has many moments of pure music to offer, and some moments in which he speaks in the accents of greatness, and he holds us even in his failures with the honesty and contemporaneity of his voice. The comparison may seem absurd, but I feel about many of his poems as I do about some of Shakespeare's sonnets that begin so grandly and then fall away by the roadside somewhere — they ride in triumph over their own incompleteness. Look at the first stanza of "Starlight Like Intuition Pierced the Twelve":

The starlight's intuitions pierced the
twelve,
The brittle night sky sparkled like
a tune
Tinkled and tapped out on the

xylophone.
Empty and vain, a glittering dune,
the moon
Arose too big, and, in the mood
which ruled,
Seemed like a useless beauty in a pit;
And then one said, after he carefully
spat:
"No matter what we do, he looks at
it."

This picture of the Apostles' dismay at what the life of Jesus has meant is altogether modern in its expression of what the poet calls elsewhere "the wound of consciousness." It hardly matters that the rest of the poem is a somewhat talkative expansion buoyed poetically only by its echoes of what has already been established in this stanza, just as it hardly matters what follows after Shakespeare's

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful
rhyme. . . .

Well, it does matter, but really less in Schwartz's case, I think. The rest of "Starlight Like Intuition Pierced the Twelve" is *interesting* talk at least. Here, too, Schwartz resembles Auden, who influenced a whole generation of poets toward an artistically self-defeating but intellectually stimulating method of poetic structure. The method is to start with a single image or description or insight that is striking in itself and then to think about it and try to develop an attitude toward it. In the ideology-centered milieu of the thirties and early forties in which Schwartz grew up, a knowledgeable involvement with ideas until one felt tugged this way by Marx, that way by Freud, and hither-and-thither by the concitation of still other devils from Aristotle to Augustine to John Crowe Ransom seemed worth any five simple emotions. (See

Auden's *The Orators* or, in this book, Schwartz's "Coriolanus and His Mother.") This was not mere affectation, but the spiritual life of a generation drunk with the excitement of worlds of thought in conflict. And what Schwartz has to say involves us insinuatingly because we are still bound to that era. Greater poetry thrusts its premises on us without this kind of bond. Shakespeare's "They that have power to hurt, and will do none" *makes* us see life in terms of an alien aristocratic ideal. Schwartz's appeal is of a different order. It is something deeply familiar that he brings to the fore, something that weeps and snickers unworthily in the back alleys of modern hyper-consciousness. Thus, the buffoonery of his description of a newsreel in "Cartoons of Coming Shows Unseen Before"* --

Churchill nudged Roosevelt. With
handsome glee
Roosevelt winked! Upon life's peak
they played
(Power is pleasure, thought anxious.
Power is free!)

Or — a subtler buffoonery — the Chaplinesque manner in which, in "Prothalamion," the author reinterprets a famous figure of Dante's. So translated, the soul becomes an undignified, colloquially blurting ego:

"little soul, little flirting,
little perverse one
where are you off to now?
little wan one, firm one
little exposed one . . .
and never make fun of me again."

It is perhaps inevitable that such a poet, whose very weaknesses betray the life-awareness of an age, should bring confession, aimless rhetoric and private gropings for mistily perceived meanings directly into his poetry. A poem like "Prothalamion," lacking the redeeming passionate art of a Robert Lowell, degenerates into autobiographical document:

I will forget the speech my mother
made
In a restaurant, trapping my father
there
At dinner with his whore. Her spoken
rage
Struck down the child of seven years
With shame. . . .

Indeed, Schwartz constantly exploits his personal shames and guilts and the reader's natural sympathy with heart-broken children —

. . . I skated, afraid of policemen,
five years old,

*Unfortunately omitted from this volume.

In the winter sunset, sorrowful and cold. . . .

Still, as I have tried to suggest, there is much more in his poems than unrelieved confessional or cosmic blarneying. It comes out best in the simplicity and concreteness with which he presents physical and psychological self-delineation, in a poem like "The Heavy Bear That Walks with Me" or "In the Naked Bed, in Plato's Cave." But it is present also in the confessionals and blarneyings, for if the poet is in love with his involvement in them he is at the same time forever trying to get at some hidden motive toward which they point. John Berryman has caught this facet of Schwartz's poetic personality brilliantly in "At Chinese Checkers":

Deep in the unfriendly city Delmore
lies
And cannot sleep, and cannot bring
his mind
And cannot bring those marvellous
faculties
To bear upon the day sunk down
behind,
The unsteady night, or the time
to come. . . .

Most of what I have had to say about *Summer Knowledge* concerns the first half of the book, taken from the long out-of-print *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities* (1938). The second half, containing later work, lacks the general vibrancy and relevancy of that book, yet a sufficient number of the more recent poems show a suggestive turn toward a new directness and naturalness. The old sophistication is often sloughed off completely, and the poet attempts a translucent lyricism that occasionally soars in Shelleyan flight. Sometimes these poems accumulate a mounting charge of joy that erupts in a surging imagery of sky, sea and light; sometimes their mood is darker, or has a desolate "strangeness" — for instance, in "All of the Fruits Had Fallen." I do not make excuses for this section, but I have the impression from it that the poet has passed through a great spiritual change and is slowly finding his way in a new world. He has not yet discovered the right poetic idiom of that world, but it seems to have some continuity with such earlier work as "Far Rock-away," in which the vision is for a moment a similar one:

The radiant soda of the seashore
fashions
Fun, foam, and freedom. The sea
laves
The shaven sand. And the light sways
forward
On the self-destroying waves. . . .

In the Head of One Man

MAX WEBER: AN INTELLECTUAL PORTRAIT. By Reinhard Bendix. Doubleday & Co. 480 pp. \$5.75.

Robert Paul Wolff

TAKE a sentence, divide it up into separate words, teach each word to a different person, and then line up all the people in a row. There will then be awareness of every part of the sentence, but nowhere an awareness of the sentence as a whole. This simple fact of logic occurs to me every time I read of a committee or "study group" which has been formed to provide an "inter-disciplinary" look at some problem. A historian, a psychologist, a sociologist, an economist, a political scientist and a jurist will spend a week around a circular table, and at the end, we are told, they will emerge with a historico-psycho-socio-economico-juridico-political study of, say, juvenile delinquency or the rise of Western society. They won't. An economist and a historian don't make an economic historian or a historical economist, even if you bunch them together real close in a seminar room.

What is wanted is to get the history and sociology and psychology and economics into the head of one man. Even that is not quite enough. A man may do economics and history the way some men juggle knives while playing the harmonica—no connection between them, just a two-in-one tour de force. The ideal student of human affairs not only would be conversant with all the fields mentioned above, but would also bring material from each to bear on all the others.

Which brings me to the subject of this review, for if there is any man who has approached that impossible ideal, it is the great German sociologist, historian, economist, *et al.*, Max Weber. Reinhard Bendix, Professor of Sociology at Berkeley, has written what he calls "An Intellectual Portrait" of Weber. In intent and execution it is a curious book.

Bendix explains that by a historical accident Weber's writings have been introduced to the American public in a distorted and misleading manner. The first work to appear in English was Talcott Parsons' translation, in 1930, of *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*. Despite Parsons' warning that the essay was part of a much larger study in the comparative sociology of religions, readers insisted on seeing it

as a self-contained "answer to Marx" on the question of the causes of capitalism. This fact, and the subsequent interest in Weber's theoretical essays, led Bendix to believe that Weber's empirical studies have been ignored. His book, therefore, is almost entirely a straightforward summary of large segments of Weber's writings. As he himself says, "Since I believe that Weber's work has enduring value, my purpose has been to make it more accessible than it is, and to do so without burdening the reader by criticisms and digressions of my own." Ten years ago, such an effort might have filled a need. Today, however, it is hard to see the point. Why read a rather dull 150 page restatement of Weber's sociology of religion when you can get the original three volumes, attractively boxed, in English? Nevertheless, the reader who works through Bendix's laborious summaries will encounter innumerable examples of Weber's insights into the workings of society. If an "introduction" is needed, this one serves very well.

THERE is not room even to list the many problems with which Weber dealt in his published works, but perhaps I can convey a sense of the suggestiveness of his insights by citing his brief comments on education in a rationalized bureaucracy. The passage, which is only five pages long, has been translated by H. H. Gerth and C. Wright Mills in *From Max Weber: Essays in Sociology*, pp. 240-244, and should be reprinted at the beginning of every contemporary discussion of American education. Weber contrasts the ideal of the "cultivated man," found in Hellenic, Chinese and earlier Anglo-Saxon society, with the newer ideal of the "specialist." Specialist education is demanded by the technical complexity of the developing administration and economy. Privilege is replaced by a system of competitive examinations, which in turn creates a diploma elite. Weber writes, "Behind all the present discussions of the foundations of the educational system, the struggle of the 'specialist type of man' against the older type of 'cultivated man' is hidden at some decisive point. The fight is determined by the irresistibly expanding bureaucratization of all public and private realms of authority and by the ever-increasing importance of expert and specialized knowledge."

It is this deeper understanding of the causes and direction of social change that makes Weber so exciting to read, and so difficult to emulate.

ROBERT PAUL WOLFF teaches philosophy at Harvard. He is at work on a book dealing with the problem of loyalty.

ART

Maurice Grosser

Maurice Grosser has recently returned from a trip through the Middle West. The present article on the museums of Cleveland and Toledo will be followed by reports from Detroit, St. Louis, Kansas City and Chicago.

Cleveland

THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM sits back in a splendid park to the east of town. It has a large and open dignity, not at all municipal, but rather like some princely residence temporarily vacated, and in its sober opulence bears a family resemblance to the Frick in New York. The original building, erected in 1916, has just recently been remodeled—doubled in size by the skillful addition of a wing in the shape of a hollow square—and provided with all the latest in museum equipment from overhead daylight lighting and exhibition halls with movable partitions, to batteries of television cameras which act as electronic museum guards. The building is luxurious but in no way forbidding or oppressive, and the collection it houses is rich in masterpieces.

The institution had its origins in the eighties when three donors, each independent of the others, left funds to found a museum. Nothing was done until 1913 when the three funds were combined and the museum was incorporated with a princely endowment. Cleveland, like Chicago, has a long history of picture collecting. Such collections have a way of ending in the local museum, and as soon as a Cleveland museum was established, collections began to pour in. The first of these was donated by Mrs. Liberty Holden in 1914, two years before there was a building to house it. It consisted of a group of Italian primitives assembled in the seventies and eighties, long in advance of contemporary taste, by James Jackson Jarves, who also formed the celebrated Jarves collection now at Yale. This bequest was quickly followed by others, both collections and funds. Since the directors knew in advance what the private collections contained and what pictures they would eventually inherit, they were able to use the funds to buy what would not be given. As a result, Cleveland's coverage is astonishingly thorough, with good examples of almost everything esteemed today, especially in European painting.

The European collection is, indeed, too rich even to begin enumerating. The *Adoration* by Filippino Lippi is probably

the finest Lippi in the country, and Tintoretto's *Baptism of Christ* is one of the most lyrical of the painter's mature works outside of Venice. There is a glowing *Adoration of the Magi* by Titian, complex in composition, unusual in scale, and apparently unfinished; one of the best Bassanos of Lazarus, dog and rich man's supper table; two celebrated Grecos; fine Tiepolos, Rubens and Van Dycks; good English portraits; one of the most dramatic Turners—*The Burning of the Houses of Parliament*—with flames reflected in the Thames and dark foreground boats crowded with spectators; and a living, speaking portrait by Goya of an architect friend, done on a black priming instead of Goya's more usual brick red.

FRENCH painting is particularly well presented. Along with top examples of all the predictable eighteenth- and nineteenth-century names there are also surprisingly good pictures by nineteenth-century painters now rarely exhibited; such as a sea fight between a Greek and Turkish vessel by Eugène Isabey, as beautiful in the Romantic style as a Delacroix; or the recently cleaned *Coast near Villerville* by Daubigny which now appears with almost Monet bright color; or the *Reclining Nude* by Couture, with such a temptingly painted bottom as to require here the protection of a pane of glass. As for the more modern masters, there are charming Renoirs and Van Goghs; the *Frieze of Dancers* by Degas, one of his very best; the most beautiful Berthe Morisot—of a young lady in white seated on the grass of a spring pasture; a celebrated Cézanne, a celebrated Lautrec and Gauguins, Matisse and Douanier Rousseaus, along with some well-known early Picassos.

American painting goes from colonial work down to the present. There is one of the best Eakins—a portrait-landscape of two oarsmen in a racing shell; good Innesses and Chases and exceptional examples of painting of this century from Sloan and Kroll to Graves and Marin. In comparison, the more abstract of the American contemporaries seem relatively neglected, although the museum is beginning to acquire some representative examples. When I was there, a monster retrospective of Feininger was being held, and the museum's well-known May show is devoted entirely to contemporary Cleveland artists.

One of Cleveland's great specialties

is its collection of medieval bronzes, carvings, textiles and jewelry, whose most costly and barbaric items are the portable gold altar and jeweled crosses acquired at a fantastic price from the Guelph Treasure of the Royal House of Brunswick. The museum is particularly rich in such *bibelots* and smaller sculptures—pre-Columbian, East Indian and Chinese—and Roman portrait heads; the period rooms contain some of the best and rarest of eighteenth-century furniture. In one of these hangs, as a luxurious joke, two eighteenth-century tapestries. One is a French *Chinoiserie* depicting, in the Boucher

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style, a Chinese fair. The other is authentic Chinese, showing a children's party in honor of the birthday of a small prince—so urbane, civilized and well behaved that the French tapestry by comparison seems *nouveau riche*.

What most distinguishes the Cleveland Museum is the absence of the second rate from its collections. This general high level of quality is partially due to the fortunate circumstance of its founding and growth. But there is also the equally fortunate circumstance that Cleveland has never been forced, as have so many museums, to exhibit inherited collections as unit memorials to the donors. This freedom was established by its second president, Mr. J. H. Wade, who with modesty and foresight refused to allow his own donations of works of art to appear on permanent exhibit in galleries labeled with his name. Since then the directors have consistently reserved the right to edit the collections the museum accepts and divide them as they see fit. This, added to Cleveland's extraordinary endowment—second in funds only to the Metropolitan—makes it today, despite its relative youth, one of the great museums of America.

Toledo

THE TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART is built in the Greek Classical style much employed for public buildings of the first quarter of our century. Opened in 1912 and enlarged in 1926, it was further extended in 1933 by the addition of two lateral wings. One of these houses the Peristyle, Toledo's municipal concert hall—a semi-circular Greco-Roman theatre.

Handsome as the building is, it enjoys little of its neighbor Cleveland's palatial grandeur. It has rather the solid but slightly shopworn air of a university building. And that, in a way, is what it is—a municipal institution engaged in art education for all ages, with courses ranging from drawing and painting, ceramics and art teaching (with college credit), to classes in home decoration and in appreciation of modern art and music. When I was there, a special educational exhibit of excellent modern pictures, taken from the museum's own collection and borrowed from elsewhere, was being hung to illustrate the theme, *What is Modern Art?* More than Cleveland, Toledo is actively interested in contemporary abstract art, and the American non-objectives receive more emphasis here than elsewhere in the Middle West.

Unlike Cleveland, Toledo is primarily a single donor's museum, with one prin-

cipal benefactor and three or four inherited collections—a monument to the taste and generosity of very few persons. Founded in 1901 and principally endowed by Edward Drummond Libbey, a manufacturer of glass, its nucleus was Mr. Libbey's own collection of old masters, and of ancient and modern glass. The other principal inheritance was the collection of paintings donated by the museum's second president, Mr. Arthur J. Secor.

MR. LIBBEY'S personal acquisitions, as inherited by the museum, included some fine pictures, such as—to mention only a few—a head of an old man by Tiepolo; a Velasquez masterful in color of a smiling cavalier with gloved hand and wine glass; an unexpected Cranach of *Martin Luther and his Friends*; a self-portrait by Rembrandt as a young man in a plumed hat; an excellent Holbein of *Catherine Howard*; a Turner of a Venice lagoon in clean, clear blues; and a convincing and unflattering self-portrait by Reynolds. Along with the better paintings there were formerly also a number of French and Dutch nineteenth-century landscapes, today out of fashion, only the best of which are kept on view. Since Mr. Libbey's death in 1925, this original collection has been extensively increased with purchases made with funds he left for that purpose.

The Secor collection, shown together in a memorial gallery, is much less good. It consists chiefly of English eighteenth-century portraits and salon landscapes in fashion in the eighties by painters like Diaz, Daubigny, Israels, Mauve, Millet and the later Corot—a plethora of peasants, oak trees, cows and sheep. It nevertheless contains the one first-class Theodore Rousseau I have seen, of a line of birches in an evening light.

The American collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century painting is incomparably more varied and important. It is based on a few pictures donated by Mrs. Florence Scott Libbey, but consists in the main of works bought with money she bequeathed. One remembers particularly a masterpiece by Thomas Cole—*The Architect's Dream*—in which a miniature figure of the architect reposes on a divan made up of huge folios atop an enormous architectural capital of a pseudo-classical order, while the landscape behind him displays a river, with a fleet of galleys, with gardens and fountains, and monstrous buildings in all the styles from Egyptian to American Protestant Gothic. Mrs. Libbey's bequest, along with a smaller collection of twentieth-cen-

tury pictures (including a fine Wyeth) bought with the bequest of Miss Elizabeth Mau, a Toledo school teacher, and the museum's more recent contemporary acquisitions, provide a display of American painting from colonial primitives to William Bazotes.

WHAT with the original inheritance and the pictures subsequently acquired, the museum is now in possession not only of some very valuable and beautiful pictures, but some very unusual ones as well. I think of a wonderful Courbet of a plump girl in profile before a trellis of flowers; an imaginary landscape by Patinir with blue rocky peaks and towns and castles and in the foreground, as an afterthought, a tiny Paris, the shepherd, with his goddesses; a very neo-Classical David—*The Oath of the Horatii*—as formalized as a ballet and as gaudily theatrical as *Ben Hur*; Clouet's *Elizabeth of Valois*; a Ter Borgh *Music Lesson*; two Grecos, one a fine *Annunciation* and the other a *Gethsemane* in the painter's most flame-like Baroque manner and exceptionally acid color. Among the odd and more unusual, there is a melodramatic *Destruction of Tyre* with black tidal waves of glassy water in a livid light by the English Romantic John Martin; and a full-length portrait by William Rothenstein of the English painter of fans, Charles Condor, dressed in a tubular overcoat and posed in the act of closing a door—the height of *fin de siècle* languor.

Among the moderns there is a small, pink period Picasso *Head of a Woman*, as well as his famous and sentimental picture from 1904, of a woman caressing a crow. There are good examples of all the standard Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masters—Degas, Cézanne, Gauguin, Renoir and Matisse, and a very beautiful Bonnard landscape called *Europa and the Bull*. In all, Toledo's coverage of American and European art is fully representative and contains some remarkable pictures. If the museum seems on the whole less impressive than some of the others in the region, it is not on account of the absence of fine examples from its collection, but on account of the presence of some second-rate ones. Such a situation is generally remedied in the long run by the directors, simply by eliminating the duller pictures and stocking up with interesting ones. That is what is being done here, and rapidly. But the situation itself is an all too common one and inevitably arises when the inheritances a museum receives are in the form of indivisible collections.

As a postscript, and as a curious proof

of how the eye changes with time, let me quote from the museum's out-of-print catalogue of 1939. Its description of a Soutine, entitled *Color Arrangement*—which Toledo no longer owns—sounds very contemporary:

Dynamic swirls, broad strokes of closely related colors . . . attain fine balance in a composition surcharged

with motion. Semblance of form is subjected to rhythmic pattern of color and texture.

The identical Soutine—judging from the dimensions and photograph in the Toledo catalogue—is now on display in the Museum of Modern Art, and bears as title what now it quite unmistakably represents—*Dead Fowl*.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THIS DEPARTMENT gives such disproportionate attention to pictures that open on the side streets, and as often as not in a foreign tongue, that I thought I should prowl Broadway a bit. The product is arresting—no one can belt out a story with the brassy vitality of a major studio aiming at the world market. Everything the pictures have to give is right on the surface, bright and clear as a Kodachrome, and the music booms and wheedles in your stomach to compensate for any thinness there might possibly be of content or performance. You come out of one of these big houses knowing that you've had the full treatment—trim, shave, mudpack, a little vibrator on the scalp and a touch of lavender water at the temples. A guy feels like a million dollars and a little weak in the knees, from all the sweet steam.

JOHN FORD'S *Sergeant Rutledge* combines the field maneuvers of the U.S. Cavalry with court-room trial drama, Indian hunting with justice for the Negro. I doubt that I have ever seen the race question discussed in a more exciting, more consciously virtuous, or in any way more thoroughly bully, fashion.

At the end of the Civil War, so we learn, there was a crack cavalry troop on the Western plains made up entirely of

Negroes (white officers, natch) and assigned to keep the Indians on the reservation. The boys are mighty proud of their unit and prouder still of Sergeant Rutledge, whom even the white men generously acknowledge to be pure of heart, stern of duty and a crack shot at a running Indian.

Unfortunately, when we first meet him, Sergeant Rutledge is running himself, and urgently wanted for raping the teen-age daughter of his commanding officer. The structure of the picture is built on the court-martial of the sergeant and the action—Indian ambush, group-singing in the moonlight, a hectic burgeoning of love between a rancher's compassionate daughter and the lieutenant who must bring Rutledge back to judgment—takes place in flashbacks as various witnesses tell their tales.

The prosecuting lawyer has a mean attitude toward Negroes and this provides opportunity to drive home the lesson that a man should not be hung because of the color of his skin. The decent folk get real stubborn on this point and, by jingo, it turns out in the end that Rutledge is not a murdering rapist after all. But it doesn't turn out that way until every Negro in the story has been patronized to the point where he has a choice of joining the Indians or playing

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BOOK REVIEWS

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Mr. Bones for the rest of his life. The boys vote to stick with the good old U.S. Cavalry and ride off grinning and singing the troop song. I hope no one shows this picture to Martin Luther King.

THEN, there's *The Rat Race*, which Garson Kanin wrote as a play ten years ago and which O. Henry wrote I don't know how many times back around 1900. Debbie Reynolds, playing a girl who will do anything except you know what in order to stay the course in New York, is sharing—in purest chastity—a room in a run-down boarding house with Tony Curtis, who plays a young musician, a recent arrival from Milwaukee so naive that his handsome collection of saxophones and related wind instruments is stolen from him by a gang of thieves masquerading as members of one of New York's most famous bands. To get him a new set of instruments, the girl agrees to do that final thing and he trots off happily to play with Gerry Mulligan in a cruise ship combo. By devices unspecified, Miss Reynolds manages to stave off her obligations until the very day of Mr. Curtis' return. And that indeed is the nick of time, for she is about to have her face altered by a man who combines running a taxi dance hall with rough and ready surgery on girls who borrow his money and then do not show up for appointments. However, this wicked chap is mollified on being presented with Mr. Curtis' second set of instruments, and the picture closes on a clinch and the unresolved question of where the third batch of horns is to come from.

AND there's *Wild River*, made, not from one, but from two novels that 20th Century Fox had stored in its bins. This stratagem has an eerie appeal—I'd go some distance to see certain combinations, say a picture combining the best features of *Sanctuary* and *Northanger Abbey*.

I haven't read the novels here adapted and cannot assign episodes to their sources. However, the picture has two distinct themes. One of these is a defense of TVA. Valid drama can be written around old crises if the issue is seized with some resolution, but that is just what *Wild River* fails to do. The problem is that an old woman, bristling with traditional American self-reliance, will not surrender her land to the impounded water. The TVA man (Montgomery Clift) is sent from Washington to reason her into compliance, it being thought bad policy for an already controversial agency to use force in these cases. Also, Mr. Clift is himself opposed to pushing people around. However, the old lady won't budge, the lake is creeping up, and finally a U.S. marshal is brought in to do the necessary pushing. The conflict between private independence and government welfare is certainly vexing, but there seems little point in raising the issue if all you care to say is that a stubborn old lady is a splendid spectacle and so is the TVA, and isn't it too bad we can't have both.

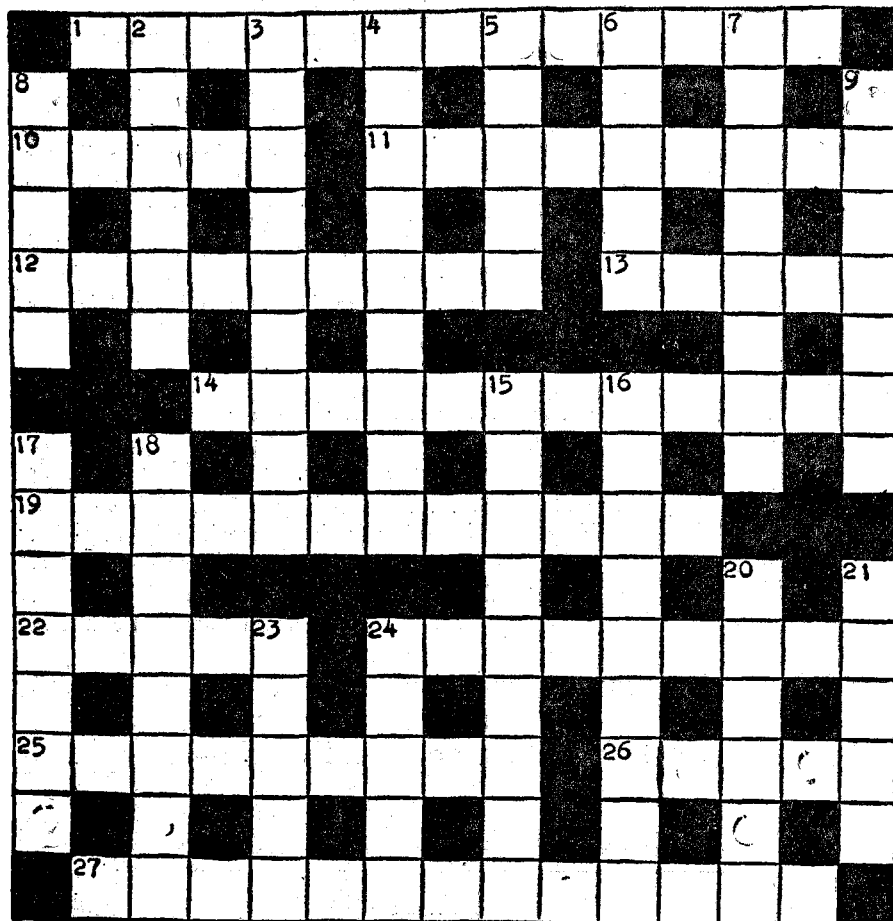
Director Elia Kazan and his associate apparently felt this, too, for they added to Mr. Clift's official duties an impetuous and rather odd love affair. When he shows up on the disputed farm he finds at the old lady's elbow a niece of twenty-one who is a widow with two children. The girl (Lee Remick) is entranced and disheveled by sorrow, and in the first days of their acquaintance, the hero is admirably masterful. He encourages the widow to return to her own house, deserted since the hour of her husband's death; endears himself to her children; bustles in with groceries, and administers caresses that soon have the blood coursing sweetly through her veins.

But then suddenly he runs out of gas, assumes the mien of a man suffering a generalized toothache and squats suddenly on a sofa while the lady courts him with passion and desperation. He doesn't advance, he doesn't retreat, he suggests no reason for his collapsed ardor and altogether it is a baffling passage. Shortly thereafter Mr. Clift is stomped upon, partly for paying Negro hands more than the going rate and partly because Miss Remick is promised to one of the local worthies. She also gets knocked about in the fracas and on the basis of that shared experience he agrees to undertake the proffered marriage. It occurs to me that if Mr. Kazan had added a Rex Stout novel to the other two we could have had Nero Wolfe to liven the brew.

Next week, Bergman's *Dreams*.

Crossword Puzzle No. 871

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 The caddie might be so innocently implicated. (7, 3, 3)
- 10 The opening in which a smart aleck fits. (5)
- 11 Could one be so worn in a dew, if foggy, around there? (9)
- 12 One tongue is insufficient, if you want to be. (9)
- 13 Made a dissertation in connection with a turning point. (5)
- 14 Perhaps true, referring to the liquid type, though they go to extremes to be helpful. (4, 8)
- 19 What people like Mrs. Wiggs might have to do to get home? Hardly pleasant! (12)
- 22 Fat, perhaps, suggesting the wife of a Persian king. (5)
- 24 Plutarch said an elephant also is become man's. (9)
- 25 Like Yul Brynner, I find myself on either side, with a fish head and a patriot. (9)
- 26 Sound artillery within the law. (5)
- 27 Does this surrey in Oklahoma, with extra insurance, for example? (6, 7)

DOWN:

- 2 A circle meeting without written notice? (6)
- 3 Some territories get along with willing followers, it seems. (9)
- 4 Recently minted coin in West Africa? (3, 6)
- 5 A Grofe movement was on the

answer to this. (5)

- 6 People's character might be developed from those unstable qualities! (5)
- 7 Give some publicity to the authority of de Seversky's subject. (3, 5)
- 8 The mange that is missing with sore results. (5)
- 9 But Anthony wasn't responsible for the commercial jingles! (7)
- 15 Cavi? True, but rewarding. (9)
- 16 Does one look at or through it? (9)
- 17 Siege time in the field? (7)
- 18 One might lead you to rack and ruin. (8)
- 20 Common subject of Wagner and Bulwer-Lytton. (6)
- 21 Port improvement might be noted with it. (5)
- 23 One might associate him with a red front. (5)
- 24 A bean might be beat! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 870

ACROSS: 1 Andes; 4 Musicians; 9 Italics; 10 Oration; 11, 12, 13, 14 and 24 across Many hands make light work; 16 Netting; 17 Egoists; 19 Reaches; 25 Gnome; 29 Episode; 30 and 27 A pig in a poke; 31 Tenseness; 32 Fiery.
DOWN: 1 Asia Minor; 2 Dragnet; 3 and 26 Skipjack; 4 Mustang; 5 Spondee; 6 and 22 across Clandestine; 7 Animals; 8 Since; 15 Bossy; 18 Speak-easy; 20 Arraign; 21 Sincere; 22 Demians; 23 Imagine; 24 Wrest; 28 Riff.

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